

CERTAIN BIRDS ON THE INCREASE.

In the face of the alarm being created—and justly—by the appearance of Mr. Hornaday's pamphlet*, it is gratifying to be able to report any increase among desirable species. A comparison of this season's notes with those of former years undoubtedly goes to prove that several of the brighter plumaged birds are on the increase in this locality. On the more sober plumaged rarities, however, it is unsafe for a young ornithologist to pass judgement. This because a new bird once learned suddenly appears to the observer as plentiful, whereas it may have simply passed unnoticed before, in quite as large numbers. But of the increase in the six species following, there can be little doubt.

BALTIMORE ORIOLE.—Everybody, rustic and villager alike, is remarking the abundance of the Oriole this year. In the spring anyone passing along one of the ridge roads of the county would scarcely pass out of ear-shot of an Oriole. This year represents a notable gain over last, but these birds have not been properly "rare" during the last seven years.

CARDINAL.—In four seasons at Oberlin, viz. : '92-'95, I saw only one pair of Cardinals in the county. Last year I saw and heard a half-a-dozen pair ; but this year not less than twenty. We expect to find them this season in any considerable woods, and some, probably two or three pairs, are nesting right here in town.

ORCHARD ORIOLES.—Were not noted by either Mr. Jones or myself in a six years' joint residence here, up to last year, when three or four individuals were seen. This season at least a score have been noted, chiefly toward the lake shore.

SCARLET TANAGER.—Never really rare ; have been repeatedly remarked this year by the unobservant as something new. They are quite common.

YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT.—Last year, as noted in THE WILSON BULLETIN, we saw our first and only Chat. This year, altho they are by no means common, I have heard as many as four individuals in the course of an afternoon's ride.

BOB-WHITE.—These birds are fairly plentiful this year, but it is unsafe for us to congratulate ourselves upon the fact. Dude sportsmen, who never hear their cheery whistle in the summer time, will slaughter them next fall for "Quail on toast." By the way, how much easier it is to kill "Quail" and "Rice-birds" than Bob-whites and Bobolinks.

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**The Destruction of Our Birds and Mammals*, by William T. Hornaday.